

Free Time

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Summary: What the Master Chief does when time permits. (My first Halo fic, R&R, but be nice please...)

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This is my first Halo fic, and I think I'll be writing very few of these (I don't even have the game, played it only twice before). Still, armed with what little knowledge I have, I'll attempt to write a story.

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Not many people knew the Master Chief's favorite hobbies.

Not that he had many in the first place; he was a Spartan-II (to be precise the only remaining Spartan-II), and fighting a seemingly endless war against the Covenant didn't leave him much time for leisure.

But of the few things that he derived pleasure from, the main one was inspecting and cleaning his weapons. They were the ballistic weapons of not-quite-mass destruction, one that almost made Covenant and Flood killing a joy.

Despite the limited amount of weaponry his MJOLNIR battle armor could carry, one at a time was still sufficient. They were terribly underappreciated by the grunt element of the UNSC forces, in layman's terms the marines.

And inevitably, as he settled himself comfortably into a position (in this case against a humming, warm structure of machinery) where all his weaponry was within arm's length, he would think rather deeply about his weapons.

There was a good reason for doing so; they were the only things that kept him alive at certain points. If a soldier did not understand, and properly harness the power of his weapon, he was almost certainly doomed, not-so-painlessly cut down by a superheated plasma bolt.

First up there was the Magnum.

The small, semiautomatic handgun that packed a large punch, maybe not quite so fondly known as the "half-incher" because of the .50 caliber slug that took down Grunts with one or two shots. It was the bane of Flood as well- a shot caused Infection Forms to explode rather violently, and he would watch with some degree of satisfaction the gel-like substance sliding slowly down the walls.

The signature weapon of infantry, the Assault Rifle.

A 60-round clip almost ensured that one had time to reload in between firefights. 7.62 armor piercing rounds were near-useless against the ever-present energy shields of the Elites, however, which was why Marines charging the 8-footers were disintegrated almost instantly. Still, a handy weapon nonetheless, and it always seemed reassuring to have its bucking movement on full automatic against his armored shoulder.

And his list would go on and on; the Sniper Rifle, and its blessed ability to take out targets from extreme range, the Shotgun's buckshot the demise of many a Covenant who strayed too close. The Rocket Launcher, a weapon of not-quite-mass destruction, but devastating nonetheless. The indispensable Fragmentation Grenades.

But the weapon that he truly caressed with tender care, was his Battle Rifle.

It wasn't all that impressive. It was rather plain, a scoped carbine with a digital counter that displayed the remaining ammunition in the clip. A curved magazine holding thirty-six armor-piercing rounds hung just behind the grip, and an eight-inch barrel protruded from the slightly curving front.

To him, however, it was sleek, black and sophisticated, and it seemed like a close friend. It had gotten him out of many close shaves, and it was almost like a security blanket, a stuffed toy, an invisible friend that many children dreamed of. However, he had yet to reach the stage where he obsessed about it. (And he never reached that stage.)

He never exchanged the rifle for a new, less battered one, always keeping the same one, taking it apart gingerly, and cleaning its many parts with care, usually with an oiled rag as well. He admired its complicated workings in the weapon. One that was so beautiful, and yet so deadly as well.

The Battle Rifle only fired three-round bursts, perhaps a bullet too many or too little, and in the case of the latter he would have to waste an unnecessary two rounds as he pulled the trigger again. Yet, he didn't mind, longing to feel the jerking of the lethal weapon as it almost gleefully struck another opponent down, splattering blue blood and occasionally entrails along the walls.

Spartan-117 took no pleasure in killing, but being with his trusty rifle was enough.

The Master Chief attacked the dirt in the weapon with a vengeance (attacking it with even more ferocity than when he was attacking one of the Covenant), be it blood, brain matter, various types of Flood, or even just cordite. He loathed the Marines in the sense that they just left their guns lying around carelessly, or worse yet not even cleaning them after a harsh battle, claiming that they were too tired to do so.

That never happened with the last Spartan, who sometimes without even stripping his armor off, removed a bottle of oil and an old rag from a locker, and seated himself with a weapon of some sort across his lap.

His thoughts were rather harshly interrupted as shouts filled the hallway. The Spartan picked the chassis up, coiled the spring and slid it in, and the weapon gradually took shape as more and more parts were added. Plugging the barrel in and screwing it in tightly, he slammed a fresh magazine in, and pulled the bolt back with an ominous click. His Battle Rifle was revived in a new spirit.

The warmth of the humming machinery slowly leaving his back, the Master Chief stood, peered through the scope, and placed three rounds not very nicely into the head of a maroon-armored Elite.

Five minutes of free time was still considered free time, wasn't it?

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file.